What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here, *Lyſander* on the grouud?
Dead or aſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparant *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues ſtories, written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

Oh,

Oh, that a Lady of one ma
Should of another therefo
Lyſ. She ſees not *Herm*
And neuer maiſt thou com
For as a ſurfet of the ſwee
The deepeſt loathing to th
Or as the hereſies that me
Are hated moſt of thoſe th
So thou, my ſurfet, and m
Of all be hated; but the m
And all my powers addre
To honour *Helen*, and to b
Her. Helpe me *Lyſande*
To plucke this crawling ſ
Aye me, for pitty; what a
Lyſander looke, how I do
Me-thought a ſerpent eat
And you ſat ſmiling at his
Lyſander, what remoou'd
What, out of hearing, go
Alacke where are you? ſp
Speake of all loues; I ſwo
No, then I well perceiue y
Eyther death or you ile fi
Ente
Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and he
for our rehearſall. This gr
hauthorne brake our tyri
tion, as we will do it befo
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What ſaiſt thou
Bot. There are thing
Thisby, that will neuer pl
ſword to kill himſelfe;